

Indians from many lands living on what he regarded as land belonging to his band and village but they would not acknowledge him as chief, nor would they obey any of his orders.

Joseph and Timothy, the first two converts, probably irked James most. They ranked highest of all the tribe in the eyes of the Spaldings, and had personal prestige in their own right, each being a village chief. Joseph was one of the important fighting men of the tribe, sometimes leading a war party of several hundred men. Their continued presence at Lapwai considerably reduced the influence of the local chief, who did not see how he could regain his prestige until he had shown that he had power over the Spaldings. It is apparent then that Craig did not cause the trouble at the mission. He merely entered the discussion after it had been going on for some time.<sup>29</sup>

Excerpts from Duery's *Life of Henry Harmon Spalding* throw further light on the difficulties between Spalding and Craig:

When William Craig arrived to live in the valley, things changed. . . . As soon as he arrived, Craig began criticizing Spalding. On December 1, 1840, Spalding wrote in his diary: 'Old James and others say they have been stopped from going after timber by Cragge who tells them I am making dogs and slaves of them. I ought to pay them for going after timber.'

Craig claimed that if Spalding were a sincere missionary he would feed and clothe the people for nothing. . . . Craig found a powerful ally and sympathetic listener in James, who had reasons of his own for opposing Spalding. . . . Craig persuaded some of the Indians to destroy Spalding's mill dam. . . . Spalding practiced the gospel of the second mile, and sawed a number of logs for Craig in order to help him build a house. For a time Craig worked for Spalding, and outwardly at least they remained peaceful, but Craig's influence was always with the 'Heathen' party. At various subsequent times he caused Spalding great concern.<sup>30</sup>

At the time of the Whitman Massacre, Craig gave protection to Mrs. Spalding by inviting her to come to his home:

On Monday, Mrs. Spalding and the others began to get ready to move to Craig's home when suddenly a party of Nez Perces rode up, headed by a Nez Perce who had taken part in the Whitman massacre. . . . They were keenly disappointed to find Mrs. Spalding forewarned, and that Craig was present with a number of Indians friendly to him. The murderous band saw at

<sup>29</sup> Francis Duery, *The Nez Perce*, University of Oklahoma Press, pp. 83, 84.  
<sup>30</sup> Clifford M. Duery, *Henry Harmon Spalding*, The Claxton Printers, Ltd., Caldwell, Idaho, 1914, pp. 282, 283, 285.

once that if they tried to harm Mrs. Spalding, it would mean a fight among the Nez Perces. The friendly Indians surrounded the small band of white people and putting the women and children in a wagon that Spalding owned, took them off to the Craig home. . . . The small band of captives in the Craig home, for that is what they had become, were discussing what should be done. Craig felt safe for he had married into the Nez Perce tribe, and the Indians about him promised to protect him.<sup>31</sup>

In 1818 an agreement was reached between Great Britain and the United States that there should be a ten-year period of joint occupancy. Even after the ten-year period had expired no boundary, mutually satisfactory, could be determined upon. England declined any settlement that did not give her the north bank of the Columbia River. Until 1834 the only Americans in the Oregon Territory had been hunters, trappers, and fur traders. The coming of the missionaries, with a few permanent settlers began to change things. In 1835 Marcus Whitman set up a mission at the junction of the Snake and Columbia Rivers. By 1842 there were approximately 500 Americans permanently located in the territory. In 1843 the settlers formed a government of their own and asked Congress to make Oregon a territory.

The constitution of the government formed by the settlers in 1843 had this important provision relative to land claims:

The claimant should designate the boundaries of his claim, and have the same recorded in the office of the territorial recorder, in a book kept for that purpose, within twenty days from the time of making his claim; unless he should be already in possession of a claim, when he should be allowed a year for recording a description of his land. It was also required that improvements should be made, by building or enclosing, within six months, and that the claimant should reside on his land within a year after recording. No individual was allowed a claim of more than one square mile, or 640 acres in a square or oblong form according to natural surroundings, or to hold more than one claim at one time.<sup>32</sup>

As stated before, Craig, with some fellow trappers, returned to the Oregon Territory in 1840 and settled in the Lapwai Valley area presided over by Chief James, the father of his wife Isabel. That Craig follows out the provisions of the territorial regulations relative to land claims is indicated in his signed

<sup>31</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>32</sup> Everett, *History of Oregon*, p. 211.

Rec<sup>d</sup> June 17/86

## Secretary of Washington

### Relief

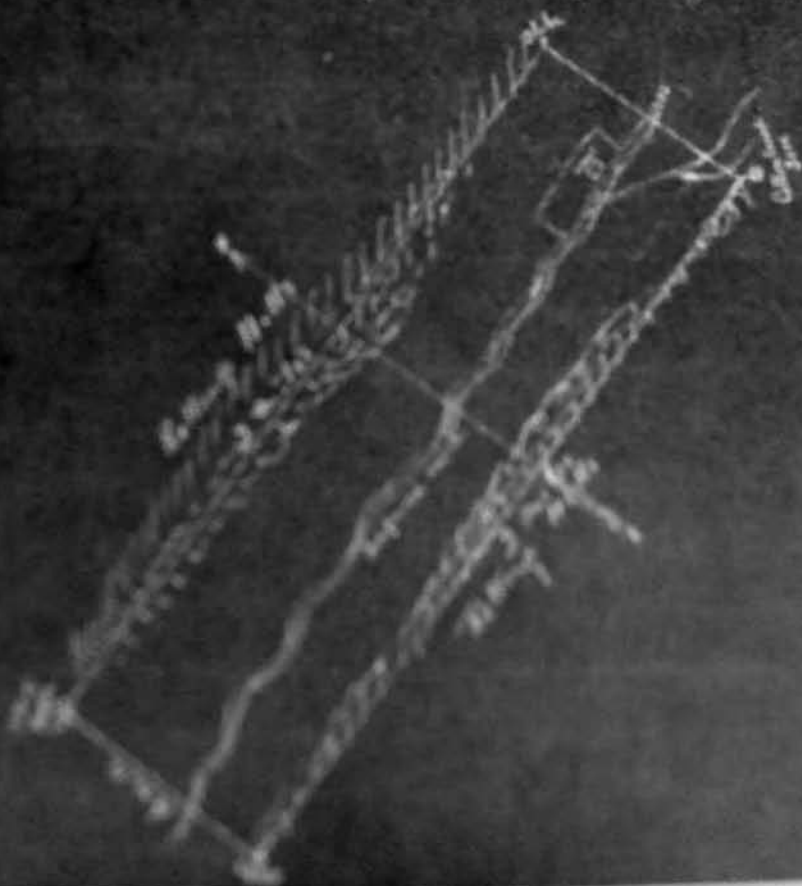
To the Register and Receiver of Washington Territory, of settlement  
on public lands, not yet surveyed

Pursuant to the Act of Congress, approved on the 13<sup>th</sup> day of February, 1842, entitled  
"An Act to amend the Act entitled 'An Act to create the office of  
Surveyor General of the Public Lands in Oregon, and to provide for the sur-  
vey and make donations to settlers of the said Public Lands, and the above  
enacted Acts."

I William Craig of Walla Walla County  
in the Territory of Washington, hereby give notice of my  
claim to a Donation of 640 Acres of Land particularly  
bounded and described as follows.

\* Beginning at a Stake 30 yards north of Sapuni Creek. Thence  
West two miles to a pile of sticks, thence South half a mile to a  
Stake, thence East two miles to a Cotton wood tree, thence North  
half a mile to the place of beginning \*

William Craig





affidavit of June 4, 1855 (See facsimile of Affidavit, National Archives, Washington, D. C.) where he says in part, "that he has personally resided upon and cultivated that part of the Public Land in the Territory aforesaid, and particularly described in the answered notification (see facsimile of Notification, National Archives, Washington, D. C.) to the Register and Receiver of said Territory, continuously from the 15th, September, A. D., 1846 to the 4th day of June A. D., 1855".

Of course, by June 4, 1855, the boundaries of Oregon, as an organized territory by act of Congress (August 11, 1848), had been fixed and the part, north of the Columbia River and east of the Snake River, was now in Washington Territory. Thus, The Lapwai Valley, which was an area east of the Snake River, was in Washington Territory as the "Notification" indicates.

Governor Stevens, in his capacity as Superintendent of Indian Affairs, after many days of deliberation in council, finally secured Indian approval of the land to be set aside as Nez Perce Reservation. This treaty was signed June 11, 1855. William Craig's claim was within the reservation area. The following excerpt indicates the high regard the Nez Perce Indians had for him:

William Craig, at the special request of the Nez Perces, was protected in his holdings near Lapwai by a special clause in the treaty. His ability to retain the confidence of the tribe and of the various government officials would indicate that he was a more honest man than Spalding had believed. He was a useful man too, acting as interpreter and letter writer for the Indians on many occasions.<sup>23</sup>

In the Indian wars of 1856 and later Colonel Craig served on the staff of Governor Stevens, heading a company of Nez Perce Indians which he had recruited. He was made a Lieutenant Colonel by the governor.

Colonel Craig was interpreter and witness to several Indian treaties negotiated by Governor Stevens. Attention was already called to the treaty with the Nez Perces at the Walla Walla Council, June 11, 1855. There was also the treaty with the Flatheads at Hell Gate, near what is now Missoula, Montana, July 16, 1855 and the treaty with the Blackfoot Indians at the Blackfoot Council, October 7, 1855, on the Missouri River

<sup>23</sup> *Stanton, The Nez Perces*, p. 126.

below the mouth of the Judith in what was then the Territory of Nebraska, now the State of Montana.

As Indian Agent at Lapwai he made a report to the Superintendent of Indian Affairs for the year 1857. This report is here given:

Walla Walla, W. T.

July 21, 1857

Sir: In compliance with your circular issued at the office of the superintendent of Indian affairs, at Salem, Oregon Territory, March 19, 1857, to the agents and sub-agents of the different tribes of your superintendency, I have the honor to forward to your office the following report, which I think is correct, viz:

I have in my charge the friendly Cayuses, that live in Washington Territory and the Nez Percés tribe. The Nez Percés' country is bounded west by the Palouse River, which lies north of Snake River, and the Tucannon, which lies south of Snake River; on the north by the range of mountains between Clear Water and the Coeur d'Alene; east by the Bitter Root Mountains; on the south they are bounded near the line dividing the two territories.

The face of their country is barren, and very broken; it is well adapted for stock raising.

They number from thirty-one to thirty-five hundred souls. They have quite a large number of horses, and some cattle. They have always professed friendship towards the whites until last summer, when there were about two-thirds of them who got excited, became hostile, and joined the hostile bands; but since that time they have returned to their country and professed to be friendly. They are now working their little gardens, as they were in the habit of doing before the war. I think they have in cultivation some forty or fifty acres; they raise corn, wheat, peas, and potatoes. It is hard to make an estimate of the number of bushels that they raise, as they commence using it before it is ripe.

I think, with the assistance of some farming utensils, they would be able to raise their own subsistence. The last year they were all supplied with subsistence by the government for a short time, and a part of them until this spring, as they had raised nothing during the time of the excitement.

As a tribe, I think them more enterprising and industrious than any of the neighboring tribes. They have no mills, shops, or houses, erected in their country for the use of the Indians. A part of them appear anxious that the treaties should be kept, and a part do not wish it. As soon as they learn that the treaties are not sanctioned they will all be at rest.

They are anxious to have their children schooled, and mills built. I would suggest that an appropriation of twenty-five thousand dollars be made, as that sum, in my opinion, would be sufficient for those things and to maintain peace and friendly relations with the whites.

The friendly Cayuses that have been temporarily in my charge are not doing much in the way of farming this summer. I suppose there are about sixty souls. They do not appear satisfied that the military are in their country. I suppose Agent Dennison will report their condition, as he told me he had them in his report.

I am, sir, your most obedient servant,

William Craig

Indian Sub-Agent, W. T.

Col. J. W. Nesmith

Superintendent of Indian Affairs.<sup>34</sup>

Mention was already made of the fact that he was Postmaster at Walla Walla in 1858 and 1859.

In 1861 the first ferry was established on the Clearwater River at Spalding, Idaho. This ferry was operated by Colonel Craig until 1864 when it was sold to a man named Schenk.

Colonel Craig had a paralytic stroke in 1869 and died in September of that year. Listed as his heirs were: Isabel Craig (wife), Joseph William Craig, Adeline Pinney, Annie Fairfield Woodard, and Martha Robie Vaughan.

On October 27, 1946, Colonel Craig was honored at dedication ceremonies when a memorial stone was unveiled along the North and South Highway, two miles west of Jacques Spur, in the Lapwai Valley. The dedication address was delivered by Dr. Francis Haines who is presently at Oregon College of Education, Monmouth, Oregon. The following descendants of William Craig were present at the unveiling: Mrs. Mamie Johann, Culdesac, granddaughter; George Pinney, great grandson; Fitzhugh Pinney, Culdesac, the only surviving grandson; Mrs. Helen Pinney Jones, Portland, great granddaughter; Mrs. Minnie Caldwell, Lewiston, granddaughter; Mary Ellen Phinney, Culdesac, great great granddaughter; Mrs. Ermith Phinney Freedland, Portland, granddaughter of Fitzhugh Phinney; and Archie Phinney, Superintendent of the Indian Agency at Lapwai.

<sup>34</sup> Senate Documents, First Session, 35th Congress, Vol. 2, 1857-1858. "Report of the Secretary of the Interior", pp. 443, 444.



# CORNSTALK—

## *King of the Rhododendron Country*

By Harold Lambert

*Ten thousand times I begged you slay no more,  
Ten thousand lies you told and cannon roar!*

—Song of Cornstalk

Cornstalk stood like a Titan among the great Indians of the 1700's.

There have been great Indian warriors and great Indian statesmen in American history. But few were past-masters both on the battlefield and before the council fires. Cornstalk, Logan, and Tecumseh were three exceptions.

Burdened with the blood of his half-white ancestry, Logan was at psychological odds with himself too often to be canonized among the Indians of West Virginia. Cornstalk was of pure Shawnee blood and was the living result of a breeding program that had extended a thousand years. And it is a matter of record that Tecumseh was great because he not only used his own talents—but also applied knowledge gained from years of study of the life of Cornstalk.

Many Indians are more famed than Chief Cornstalk because there were no writers or 18th Century model press agents to record his deeds and parlay them into the startling chronicles that have made Crazy Horse, Sitting Bull, Joseph, Geronimo, and Roman Nose so familiar to today's public. Cornstalk is poor television or movie material because so little is known of his life—and because he has never had the build-up. Writers who told about him were extravagant in their praise. To hear them or read their accounts, Cornstalk was little less than a bronze god.

"He was truly grand and majestic," wrote Col. Benjamin Wilson who had recently fought for his life against the Shawnee Chief.

Wilson veered near the superlative when he told of Cornstalk's appearance before Governor Dunmore and the gathered



Cornstalk—a pen sketch by the author



armies. "His voice could be heard all over the twelve-acre camp." Today it would take quite an electronic sound system to deliver an oration by our most clarion speechmakers, over such an area.

Wilson's description of Cornstalk is one of the most colorful of recorded accounts of the man. "When he arose he was in no wise confused or daunted, but spoke in a distinct and audible voice without stammering or repetition and with peculiar emphasis. His looks while addressing Lord Dunmore were truly grand and majestic; yet graceful and attractive. I have heard the first orators of Virginia, Patrick Henry and Richard Henry Lee, but never have I heard one whose powers of delivery surpassed those of Cornstalk on this occasion."

Cornstalk spoke before Dunmore's gathered troops as he argued for a respectable peace after the disaster at Point Pleasant, when the Shawnees were defeated in what had been the greatest Indian battle of American history.

Not too much is known of Cornstalk's appearance, since people who knew him were so overpowered with his personality that words gushed into floods of vague near-worship. Soldiers who attended the council at Charlotte said that he was taller than the Virginia officers—and they were known to have stood over six feet in height. That Cornstalk was a handsome man can hardly be doubted when we learn that women were constantly attracted to him, including the white wives of Virginia settlers. Like all Shawnees, he was of the best mould of the American Indian. The Shawnees were big Indians and they were light of color. Yet Cornstalk stood out among them in his physical splendor. During the heyday of the Shawnee raids, defending settlers were heard screaming, "Shoot for the tallest one—he may be Cornstalk!"

But he was not intended for any death on the battlefield or raiding party. He was to die at the hand of the cruelest of Virginia weapons—the white man's forked tongue.

He was possessed of a peculiar and awesome modesty. In council he always spoke on the side of peace and with a strange gift of revelation for the outcome. He constantly hinted that the red man was destined for destruction, and that the best that could be done would be to delay the inevitable and try to

find some decency and truth in dealings with the pale adversary. He was dealing with people who encroached on Shawnee lands even after their greatest leaders had promised an end to encroachments. Cornstalk reiterated the lies he was told constantly, outlining the white man's perjuries, but he never hinted at personal revenge. His was simply the cause of his people.

When challenged by a lesser man, and who wasn't, Cornstalk was blunt in both talk and action. Before the battle of Point Pleasant when a chieftain labeled him a coward because he still wanted to avoid a pitched battle, Cornstalk was calm before the council. "If you wish to fight you shall fight," he said. "And I shall see to it that you do fight!" The next day this same chief sought to retreat in the heat of battle, and Cornstalk kept his promise by driving the blade of his hatchet through the doubter's skull. Cornstalk was not capable of fear. Two men of the Confederacy tried to retreat on that day of battle and he killed them both. It was his system of maintaining immaculately brave troops against the white man.

At the age of 38, Cornstalk appeared at a peace conference between the colonial administrators at Lancaster, Pennsylvania. He represented the combined Shawnees from the Ohio and Allegheny River valleys—the tribes that had been called "The Arabs of the New World." In his first recorded oratory, Cornstalk urged:

"We produce to you a certificate of the renewal of our friendship in the year 1739. Be pleased to sign it afresh that it may appear we are now admitted to your friendship, and all former crimes are buried and forgotten."

This was the voice of the "Shawnee Sachem" beginning the first vain pleas that lives be saved and that his tribesmen be guaranteed security and a chance to live in the hardwood jungles and river bottoms where they could hunt and fish and maintain their old ways.

The colonial authorities turned Cornstalk down flatly. They wanted no deal with the dread Shawnee, for these were the greatest forest-fighters who had ever lived. The authorities said they would forgive only when future behavior was a historical fact. They did not like the Shawnee tribes and made no bones about it. They would not dignify the young Cornstalk

with any kind of a treaty or promise. They treated him shabbily: all other chiefs were given presents and favors at the parley—but Cornstalk received only their cold stares.

The Shawnees went away in disgrace. Cornstalk and his talk of peace were thrust from the parley and told to be on their ways.

This was one of the most horrible mistakes that colonial professional mistake-makers could have designed. The Shawnees had no alternative but to join up with the French. They moved back along the Ohio and Allegheny Rivers and were given arms and ammunition and regarded as human beings by French commanders.

One direct result of the colonial refusal to do business with Cornstalk was the defeat of Braddock near Pittsburgh in 1755. Of the army of 850 men who easily defeated the British's 1,400 regulars, about 600 fighters were the men who had followed Cornstalk. On that one day more than 700 men died because the white settlers had not listened to the King of the Shawnees when he sought peace. No lesser man than George Washington had feared going against these red demons—although he commanded his Virginians valiantly and managed to help many of them escape the slaughter that Braddock had ordered them into. Washington fought that day so sick that he had to have a pillow on his saddle. There is no record that Cornstalk was present in this battle, but many of his lesser chieftains were seen.

During the Indian massacres of 1770, when Indian women and children were slaughtered ruthlessly in Western Virginia and Pennsylvania almost daily, Cornstalk kept begging for peace. He sent word that his tribe was sorry for these incidents—and that he wanted peace so that his men could abandon battle and go hunting for food against impending starvation, if hostilities continued. He was ignored and Governor Dunmore began gathering Virginians into a great army.

When Logan's family was murdered near Wheeling, Cornstalk again plead the cause of a cease-fire. He asked the colonialists to "stop such foolish people for like doings in the future." He added that he had gone to great trouble to restrain "the foolish people among us (Shawnees) to sit still and do no



harm . . . and shall continue to do so in hopes that the matters be settled."

But the Virginians wanted war—and they were ready to do anything to get the confederated Indians into a great battle for once and for all. The Virginians even cooked up a phoney deal with the Iroquois tribe whereby they "bought" the lands of present West Virginia south of the Kanawha. This incensed the Shawnees who felt that they owned this land—and that the Iroquois certainly had no legal right for the sale. But settlers began to swarm to Western Virginia.

Fearing any direct action against such an accomplished killer as Cornstalk, the Virginians plotted to kill one of Cornstalk's brothers to arouse the chief to do something foolish and justify Dunmore's actions of needling them toward battle. But this plot was discovered and that disaster was avoided when sympathetic whites delivered word of the scheme. Dr. John Conally, Dunmore's official spokesman, even went so far as to write a letter to a friend saying "I shall pursue every measure to offend them (the Shawnees)."

Still Cornstalk remained friendly to the British and the Virginians. Working with Chief White Eyes of the Delaware tribes, he restrained both tribes from taking up arms and murdering more white settlers. Cornstalk had one idea in this suit for peace: he wanted to save the Indians from complete destruction he knew would result from open battle. No patriot in any nation ever took more abuse than Cornstalk took from the colonials. But he was steadfast in his purpose to the end.

In his *Indian Wars of Pennsylvania*—C. Hale Sipe says the wars by the Virginians (Dunmore's) was "altogether unjustifiable war whose bitter fruits were gathered for many years." He added that it sent the Shawnees to the British in the Revolution and that hundreds of unnecessary lives were lost in Pennsylvania, Western Virginia and Kentucky when the British paid them bounties for colonial scalps. . . .

They went on the warpath in a great struggle that lasted to 1794 when General Mad Anthony Wayne defeated them at Fallen Timbers and compelled them to give up 25,000 square miles of territory north of the Ohio River. An honest treaty with Cornstalk could have saved thousands of lives.

But war was to come in 1774—and Dunmore had the army ready. In a maneuver that practically screamed "treason" to his own soldiers, he split his forces and arranged affairs so that General Andrew Lewis had to meet the Shawnees in a pitched battle.

Lewis had 1,100 troops. Cornstalk's forces were probably slightly less.

Lewis was camped at Point Pleasant. Cornstalk knew this and he headed the confederated warriors of the Delawares, Shawnees, Mingoes and Wyandots. On the night before the battle, Cornstalk made his argument for peace again. He felt that the Virginians were a superior force and that they certainly had superior equipment. Their firearms were good and they knew how to use them. Many Indians were good riflemen, but many were still too aboriginal to understand the mechanics of shooting and reloading at a rapid pace. The bow and arrow was still used in Cornstalk's ranks—and this was no instrument for this bloody day. Some of his warriors used only the tomahawk in battle.

But the chiefs insisted on battle and reminded Cornstalk of his duty to lead them. Cornstalk bowed to the inevitable and promised that he would give the white forces the fight of their lives—and that he would hold the red man's feet to the fire until the chiefs ruled otherwise.

The battle began when a pair of white hunters warned Lewis that Indians were approaching at dawn. The battle lasted a full day, and even General Lewis was awed at the skill of Cornstalk as he maneuvered the white soldiers into a triangle so that the Indian was in front and the rushing waters of the Kanawha and Ohio Rivers were behind them and retreat was impossible. Of the Virginians, 75 were dead at the end of that day and 140 were wounded. Most of the wounded died later. Indian losses were probably less (they admitted only 20 to 30 dead). But Cornstalk saw that the tide was definitely against his red fighters and he ordered a cease fire and directed his army to cross the Ohio and retreat into the plains.

In November Cornstalk entered into a peace treaty at Chillicothe, Ohio, with Dunmore's armies. Here Cornstalk boldly reiterated the stale and broken promises of the Virginians and

openly accused them of inciting the war. He spoke at length on the outrage of Logan's family.

With Cornstalk at Point Pleasant were probably the greatest all-American team of all time. Fighting at his side had been Elinipsico, Red Hawk, Scrappathus the Mingo, Chiyawee the Wyandot, Red Eagle, Blue Jacket, and Packinshenoah, the father of Tecumseh.

"Neither party could rightly claim a victory at Point Pleasant," said Drake, the foremost historian of that day. But the Shawnees dealt for peace on Dunmore's terms.

### Death of Cornstalk

The outrage and killing of Cornstalk is familiar to everyone who knows West Virginia history.

It was the prime example of the venom that is carried in the forked tongue and the man-serpent in wartime.

Following the "peace" at Chillicothe, Cornstalk remained at peace with the whites in an immaculate gesture of honesty. In the spring of 1777 when most of the Ohio tribes were going with the English, the old chief went to the Moravians in Ohio and explained that the Shawnee chiefs were lining up for the destruction of the white settlers again—that blood would flow as never before. He admitted he was powerless to stop them this time, and that the British were arming the Indians furiously as they prepared to fight the rebelling Americans.

Still in pursuit of peace, Cornstalk went to Point Pleasant in the company of young Red Hawk, a Shawnee chief, where they warned Captain Matthew Arbuckle of the imminent disaster. Cornstalk and Red Hawk were taken prisoners and held as hostages. Several days later Elinipsico, Cornstalk's son, came to visit at a time when a white soldier had been killed and scalped outside the fort. With a cry of "let us kill the red dog," a company of white soldiers under Captain Hall took over the fort. Captain Arbuckle was threatened with death if he tried to stop them.

Cornstalk was advised of the mutiny when the wife of an interpreter slipped through the garrison and warned him. But he made no move to escape. In great dignity he walked toward



the murderers and took seven bullets in his body before he fell to the floor without a groan. The other two Indians were then slain in cold blood—and without a chance to defend themselves.

Cornstalk had a premonition of his own death. On the day before his assassination he said, "When I was young and went to war, I often thought each would be my last adventure and I should return no more. I still live. Now I am in the midst of you and if you choose, you may kill me. I can die but once. It is alike for me whether it is now or hereafter."

In 1896 the white men erected a monument to the King of the Shawnees at Point Pleasant. On it is an inscription, "Cornstalk."

The mutineers who took over the fort at Point Pleasant and slew Cornstalk were casually tried and summarily acquitted in the days that were to follow. After all, Cornstalk was an Indian—and what was worse, a Shawnee. . . .

Like most chiefs of his time, Cornstalk had more than one name. Among these were "Cornstock," "Monusk," "Tannebuck," and "Keigh-tuh-quā."

The birthplace of Cornstalk is a mystery that will never be solved. As with Homer of old, many states today claim his birthplace where they wanted to claim his life when he spilled blood on the rhododendron in defense of his people. His birth has been variously put in Pennsylvania, Sciota Valley in Ohio, Kentucky, on the Little Kanawha River in West Virginia, and at Forest Hills in Summers County.

The date of his birth was probably 1720. His first recorded raid was in Rockbridge County, Virginia, where he captured several prisoners. He was active in Pontiac's War and seems to have been assigned Western Virginia as his warring ground. During the ten years he was bringing terror in the Appalachian Mountains, Cornstalk is said to have killed ten settlers for every Indian brave he sacrificed. He once took the entire Greenbrier Valley—leaving it desolate for six years—losing not a single man!

A dozen incidents of Indian cruelty in Western Virginia are accredited to Cornstalk and his raiders, but there is no docu-

mented evidence that he was actually present on any of these occasions.

Draper's papers contain many references to Cornstalk, and this coldly documented material constantly praises the chief's character—asserting openly that the white settlers were responsible for all the bloodshed laid at Cornstalk's feet.

Following the battle of Point Pleasant, when his defeated chiefs wanted to renew hostilities with Dunmore, Cornstalk quickly proposed that he would lead such a campaign on the contingent that the Shawnees kill all their women and children and fight to the death. Cornstalk undoubtedly had his tongue in his cheek, and the gathered leaders quickly demurred. "Then I shall sue for peace," the old chief retorted.

Draper calls him a "forest-born Demosthenes."

## *THE MAN AT THE WATER PLANT*

Most of the young boys who grew up in Marlinton between 1950 and 1990 knew the man at the water plant. They called him "Mr. Curry", not because he required it, but because of their respect and admiration for him. That man was my father, Cecil A. Curry.

I didn't realize just how many young lives my father had influenced until I returned home to Marlinton after an absence of nearly fifty years. No one remembered me but when I explained my father had run the water plant, their faces brightened and a smile appeared. Their usual comment was – "He taught me how to fish" or "He taught my son how to fish." It was obvious how they had appreciated him!

We moved into the drafty log house beside the water plant in 1942 when my father became "operator" and only employee at the water plant. Despite his having only an eighth grade education, he had taken and passed the state examination to qualify for the job. He and my mother would live in the log house until he retired in 1970.

My father loved to fish and he loved to share his knowledge with the many young boys who flocked to the "dam" in the summer to fish in Knapps Creek. Often they would appear at the door to the water plant with a problem and a loud "MR CURRY". It might be a twisted line, a swallowed hook, or some other problem with their fishing gear. He patiently helped them and soon got them on their way back to the fishing hole. Sometimes they came just to show off their catch which he always admired and praised them for their skills.

Mr. Curry seemed to know what young boys needed. Perhaps this came from his childhood when he did not have the companionship of a father. His mother died two weeks after he was born leaving his father with four young boys. His father left him with the Woodell family who later gave him to his "Granny Moore" and never returned for him. Granny Moore was elderly and it was not long until my father was off on his own.

The boys seemed to respect him for the way he treated them. He was small in stature with a gentle voice and a non-threatening image. He could be firm at times, however, such as when a youngster might use bad language. He would not tolerate profanity at the dam and was quick to tell them about it!

After my father retired, he and my mother moved just a few houses away from the water plant. He was able to spend more time fishing, gardening, and tutoring his young students in the fine art of catching fish. He was a familiar sight at the dam helping all those who needed help.

Mr. Curry lived to be 97 years old. He was never a wealthy man but he was rich in friends – which after all is really more important!



## SATURDAY NIGHT

When I was a young boy, my world consisted of our small town of Marlinton and the surrounding mountains and streams. Rarely did we travel out of the county and almost never out of the state. Marlinton seemed to have everything I needed or wanted.

The big social event of our week was Saturday night. That was when we all scrubbed clean and went to town. The farm community quit early this one night to travel to town for supplies and to see friends who they may not have seen for a week. Saturday was one night of the week when the merchants remained open past five o'clock.

Those with automobiles began selecting their parking spots on Main Street by about 4:00 P.M. It was almost like church pews with certain spots selected by the same family each week. They would shop, visit with friends, and stay until the stores began to close at 9:00 P.M. Everyone would quietly depart for home to get ready for Sunday church while the town "rolled up the streets".

There were the "sitters" and the "walkers". The sitters chose to remain in their cars while the walkers came by to visit and pass the time before going on to another vehicle. Others chose to stand on the sidewalk and greet the walkers as they went on their way. News and rumors were exchanged and everyone went home better informed than when they came.

There was quite a fuss when the town decided to install parking meters. Some people went out further to park where there were no meters. Others just grumbled and paid the meters. A few were even known to park their cars early in the day to assure a good space and have someone else feed the meter until they returned later in the evening.

Shoppers had their choice of several grocery stores. The A & P (The Great Atlantic and Pacific Tea Company) was a popular spot and their "Eight O'Clock" coffee was well known. I especially liked their "Spanish bars". They were a long brown cake with raisins and plenty of creamy icing. Fortunately, my father liked them also and would buy one when he had some extra money.

Thomas & Thomas was run by two delightful ladies who also delivered groceries in their "woody" delivery station wagon. I remember they allowed me to fold my newspapers on the top of their coke machine before I hopped on my bicycle to deliver them. There was the Schrader Store, Curry's Super Market, Casdorph's and a few others. Few found it necessary to leave town to buy their groceries.

My mother worked for P. C. Curry, my father's great-uncle. He sold groceries and a variety of other supplies. I always enjoyed visiting with her and watching her work. There was a giant wheel of cheese which always looked so appealing. She used a large butcher knife to cut chunks from it for a customer. She would weigh it, wrap it, and price it. The wheel would then be recovered with cheese cloth until the next order was received. Large pickles could be purchased from a big barrel. She also cut plugs of

chewing tobacco from large pieces. I believe there were nickel plugs, dime plugs, and so on. My father bought small wood buckets of salt fish. They had to be soaked in water overnight before we could eat them. I remember them as being tasty.

Many of the Saturday night crowd went to the "moving pictures" at the Alpine Theatre. Most of us kids went to the afternoon matinee where we could enjoy a good "western" featuring Gene Autry or Roy Rodgers and "The Sons of the Pioneers". There was always an episode of the weekly serial where the hero was left in a precarious position at the end. My favorite was "Sheena, Queen of the Jungle" but there were many, many more. While some movies featured violence, most were good, clean family entertainment. None required parental guidance!

The price of admission was thirty-five cents, and this was not easy for us to get! For a dime more, you could buy a bag of popcorn and a coke was another nickel. We could nurse the drink and popcorn through nearly the entire movie. Those with a little more money could buy a candy bar, such as a Baby-Ruth or Boston Baked Beans.

The matinee crowd was usually very vocal cheering the hero, hissing the villain, and moaning at any romantic scenes. Sometimes the film would break causing painful cries followed by cheers as it was repaired and our hero returned to the screen. Funny scenes brought loud laughter and sad scenes silence. There was always the horseback chase scenes which circled the same large rocks and seemed to go on forever. We didn't mind as they were exciting and the hero won in the end. The cowboy always got the girl, although the horse was usually in between, and they would ride off into the sunset accompanied by music from some unknown source. The evening show started at 7:00 P.M. and were usually more serious. There were no movies on Sunday and all the stores were also closed.

Moses and Meadows was the busiest spot in town. Some came to buy sandwiches and drinks or brose through the magazines. Others came to play pool or the pinball machines. Many came just to watch or stand and talk. The most popular item in town was the "pool room hotdog". On a steamed bun with their special sauce, pickle relish and fresh onions, it was delicious. I was told by one of those who made the sauce that it was made in the back room and cooked three or four hours. Visitors from out of town just had to have a pool room hotdog with a "green river" soft drink. The price was originally a nickel, went to a dime, and eventually fifteen cents.

The pool tables began to fill up early in the afternoon and stayed busy until closing time. There were those who played a few games and left and the "regulars" who came to play all evening. My father was one of the regulars. His companions were usually Emerson Sharp, Bert Smith, and Ted Bright. They played partners with the two losers paying for the game. Sometimes these games became very serious especially if there was a "fox" where one player intentionally left the cue ball where his opponent would not have a clear shot! After all, games were three for a quarter and on a bad night, a player could spend a dollar or so for a few hours play!

You entered the pool room to a mixture of sights and sounds and smells. You threaded your way through the crowd with their constant din of conversation, past the tempting smells of the sandwich counter, by the bing-bing of the pinball machines and into the smoke filled pool area. It was a great place to spend a relaxing Saturday evening!

The pool room was largely a male domain with few women venturing beyond the soda fountain or magazine rack. Lang's Dress Shop, on the other hand was strictly for women. Few men dared to go in for fear a male friend would see them coming out! I don't believe I was ever in their store.

For an old fashion ice cream soda or milk shake, you would go to the Royal Drug Store or to Harry Sharp's. I loved to watch them fizz the sodas with the foamy top sticking up above the tall soda glass. Chocolate was my favorite. The drug store was usually quiet while Harry's was a bit noisy with mostly kids occupying the booths. The drug store was also where we stood in line to buy our school books every fall.

For men's clothing, you had the choice of the Men's Shop, Wilbur Sharps or the general stores like Brill's and Schraders. Another favorite of mine was Schrader's "5 cents to \$1" store where all the toys could be viewed. I often bought a roll of caps for my cap pistol. We referred to it as the 5 and 10.

The Home Product Market or "froggy's" was the best place to buy fresh meat. They even had a home delivery service consisting of a bicycle with a small wheel and large basket on front. Richardson's was the place to find anything for the home, much as it is today.

There were some shady activities going on in Marlinton on Saturday night. Some gentlemen would appear on the street corners with a heavy black bag with them. Others would approach them and the two would disappear down the alley. When the first gentleman returned, his bag seemed somewhat lighter. I believe us kids knew what was happening but when we asked, we were greeted only with a smile.

It is sad now to walk through the streets of Marlinton past the empty stores and to remember what a busy, happy town it once was – especially on Saturday night!



## DEER

By C. A. Curry

When I returned home to Pocahontas County a few years ago, I was delighted to see so many deer (*Odocoileus virginianus*) in the fields and mountains around my old home. I believe they are a beautiful, graceful animal and each sighting was exciting.

I remembered hunting with my father during the 1940's when sighting a deer was unusual. Hunting them was a team effort with six or seven hunters required. A team of drivers would attempt to drive the deer from their cover and past a shooter on a deer stand. A stand was usually a low place across the mountain or somewhere that the deer would be expected to pass. The shooters job was to kill the deer.

Woe to the hunter who would miss killing the deer as it passed. He was said to have "buck fever" and the only remedy was to cut off his shirt tail. The next day he would be a driver – minus his shirt tail – with someone else on the stand.,

Kills were proudly displayed across the front fender of your vehicle. They fit nicely on the 1940's vehicles with a groove between the fender and the hood. This wouldn't work with today's styles. I'm sure they would simply slide off the vehicle!

Today's hunting methods have changed and it is no longer necessary for drives. Many deer are shot by single hunters and under various regulations, one hunter can legally kill several deer. Out of season kills are possible with special permits for those destroying crops. Improved roads allow hunters easier access to prime deer hunting areas. Despite these changes deer are still plentiful.

I am not a hunter and I deplored deer hunting season. I didn't even want to see my neighbor's trophy deer which was gutted and strung between two trees. I considered leaving the state during deer season to avoid seeing all the slaughtered deer.

My first winter I bought shelled corn and fed the deer. I enjoyed watching them from my bedroom window gobbling the corn. I sometimes got up at night just to check on the deer. Later that winter I had to leave town for two months. When I came back, I found my lawn practically bare. The deer had eaten my new grass so closely that I could barely grasp a blade of it.. I was annoyed but soon forgave them.

Spring arrived and gardens were planted. I didn't plant one but looked forward to helping my neighbor get rid of her surplus crops. The deer had other plans. In one night they consumed her beans, cabbage, and even the green tomatoes. She was devastated and I was now more than annoyed.

Flowers and shrubs were not exempt from the deer's menu. The townspeople had difficulty in raising gardens. Two deer were even seen on the Presbyterian Church lawn.

Some gardeners have resorted to electric fences to discourage the deer. Sometimes even these don't work. The deer seem to have little fear of humans and most dogs.

What happened to cause such great numbers of white-tailed deer now compared to the fewer number that existed when I was a boy some 50 years ago? There are more hunters now and thousands of deer are killed each year. Their population appears to grow and so do the related problems.

One explanation I have heard is that animal populations are cyclical and it is likely that the deer population will decline. There is no evidence so far that this is happening.

Another theory is that the cutting of the big timber has helped their growth. The tall timber provided little food but cutover areas with new growth does provide food for them. A friend cites the import of "Michigan deer" many years ago as a possible answer. They were said to be bigger and stronger and may have allowed a better winter survival rate. A cousin has another interesting theory. He believes the deer population increased dramatically during World War II when the young men were serving in the armed forces and there were few hunters.

Whatever the reason, they have been one of the few animal species which have not only survived the advance of civilization but have greatly increased in numbers. I thought it might be interesting to find out what the deer harvest had been during this same period of apparent deer population explosion. My source was the *Pocahontas Times* which has been reporting deer kills every year. I started with 1942, the first season after World War II started, and sampled the kill statistics through the year 2000 season.

The earlier statistics were estimates while recent ones are the "official counts". They show "about 200" kills in 1942 and a combined bow/gun season kill of 3,218 in 2000, not including other special seasons or permit kills. Totals for other selected years are as follows:

<u>Year</u>	<u>Kills</u>	<u>Year</u>	<u>Kills</u>
1942	"around 200"	1988	2,064
1944	"a couple hundred"	1989	2,687
1946	"expected to be 600"	1990	3,154
1970	"about 500 killed"	1997	1,820
1980	1,488	1998	1,745
1985	2,148	1999	2,347
1986	2,239	2000	3,218 (Bow & gun)
1987	1,986		

Cal Price in one of his stories also spoke about the influx of hunters into the county during deer season. On December 5, 1946, he wrote "Place the visitors at 4,000 and the number will not be too great". I wonder what that number is today?

My love for the deer took a steep decline late one July 4<sup>th</sup> while we were returning from a fireworks celebration. I topped a small rise on U.S. #219 to see a deer in my headlights along the left side of the road. I hit the brakes and began to slow down but it was too late. At just the wrong moment, the deer leaped into the path of our car and the two met. I had experienced what many West Virginia drivers have done – a costly collision with a large animal!

A new hood and grille cost us over \$1,000 and lots of time and paperwork. We believed ourselves fortunate as there were no injuries. A neighbor had a similar experience which resulted in a wrecked vehicle, a broken neck, and lots of missed work.

Two days after our encounter with the deer, I saw two fawns bouncing through our back yard. They were adorable and it was hard to dislike these babies. Now, however, I could imagine them as full grown animals crossing a busy highway. I hope the deer will always be in our mountains but I wish there were fewer of them and that they would stay in our beautiful mountains.



## WORLD WAR II: CHILDHOOD MEMORIES

By C. A. Curry

World War II, the war to end all wars, was the greatest single national event to occur during my lifetime. Although I was too young to fully realize its significance, my memory of some of the events during the war years remains quite clear.

My first recollection was of December 7, 1941. Our family had gathered in the warmth of our living room to read and listen to the radio. When the announcement of Japan's attack on Pearl Harbor came, my father stopped reading, leaned closer to the radio, and listened very intently. I could tell by his expression that something serious had happened but I was upset because I was missing some of my favorite programs such as "The Shadow".

Soon all young men had to register to be called into military service. My father at age 41 was not likely to be called but I am sure that my mother worried that the war would last until I was draft age. Numbers were assigned each person who registered and a lottery held to decide who would be taken from each community. My mother's brother was among the first taken. He and others gathered at the Post Office and marched several blocks to the court house to be inducted. My uncle did survive the war and returned home to marry and live on my grandfather's farm. My mother worried each day he was gone.

Small flags began appearing in the windows of homes. They were white with a single blue star and fringes on the bottom. We knew this meant a family member was serving in the armed forces. Later, some of these were replaced by a flag with a gold star. This indicated that a "gold star mother" lived there and that her son would not be returning from the war.

The town erected a large billboard on a corner in the business district. The names of all county residents serving in the military were written on the billboard for everyone to see. Stars were added beside the names of those killed in action. There were too many names and far too many stars! After the war, the billboard was taken down and a restaurant now stands in its place. I wonder what happened to it. Perhaps it should have been left standing or moved to another location.

Efforts were made to protect children from the horrors of war. Very little discussion of the war was done with children present. Something which touched everyone, however, was rationing. Ration stamps were issued for gasoline, shoes, and many other items. An "A" stamp for gasoline was issued to those who had to travel such as law officers and physicians. Those who had little need to travel were issued "C" stamps.

Some items did not require ration stamps but were scarce. I particularly remember the shortage of bananas. Word would spread that the "A & P" had received a shipment of bananas and everyone would rush to the store. My father and I stood in line to purchase three pounds of bananas – the maximum for each family. The cost was \$.25.

I didn't read the daily newspaper but I did look at the combat maps which were on the front page. They showed the position of the allied and enemy forces in both the European and Pacific theatres. I didn't fully understand them but they did give me an idea of the movement of our troops.

I remember the "War Bond" drives and knew it was through the sale of these bonds that our government helped pay the cost of the war. Meetings were held to sell bonds to the citizens. I attended one rally held in the court house. I am sure it was not intended for children. One soldier told very emotionally and graphically about the combat death of his comrades. Each bond purchaser received a package of combat rations which our soldiers ate. I really wanted one but neither my father nor I had the \$25 or so that was required to purchase a bond.

The schools participated in the bond drives. We would buy "savings stamps" for as little as \$.10 each. These were pasted into a savings book and exchanged for a bond when the book was filled. Every Friday our teacher would march with us to the post office to make our purchases.

Another school project was the gathering of milkweed "pods" These pods contained long silky fibers with a seed attached. When it ripened, the pod opened and the wind carried the fibers away like tiny parachutes. Wherever they landed, a new milkweed plant would grow the next year. We were told these fibers would be used to insulate flight jackets and I seem to remember they could also be woven into a fine cloth. On a warm fall day, our teacher took us across Knapps Creek and to a field on top of the mountain to pick the pods. I remember it as being fun!

During the war I took a paper route. There were only about 35 customers but they were scattered all over town. I was to deliver papers during my school lunch hour and would need a bicycle to do so. Unfortunately, bicycles were scarce due to the war effort. My father finally managed to buy one at Richardson's. It was called a "Victory Bike". The tires were small and made from synthetic rubber. There were no fenders and the handlebar grips were made of wood. They were fine until they got wet when they split and fell off! It was a good bike and lasted several years.

The war seemed endless but it finally did end. The celebration which followed went on for weeks. I wondered why it lasted so long. The boys used it as an excuse to make a lot of noise.

Today modern technology has eliminated many of those things which we experienced during World War II. Thousands or hundreds of thousands can be killed

CURRY - SWINK



History of Rockbridge County, Virginia by Oren F. Norton, B. Lit  
P. 100 - 101 - Connors 1980 Report

History of Rockbridge Co, Va by Oren F. Norton, B. Lit  
Publisher Regional Publishing Co Baltimore, Md, 1980

Road Precincts of 1841 - Tappan's of 1841 in which  
they lived.

Page 386 <sup>552-553</sup> Precinct  
Swink, John - 57 - Berley's mill to landing  
on North River down Kerr's Creek  
Swink, Enos - 80 - Brownsburg, by Samuel  
Wilson's mill, to ridge road on Nevins's land.

Naturalizations prior to 1866

P. 457 - Hugh Laughlin from Ireland approximately  
year 1774 - 1815 - ~~last~~ papers.  
Final

Soldiers of the Revolution

P403 - McLaughlin, James - in Cherokee expedition, 1778  
Present Surnames as shown in top lists for 3 yrs ending May 5, 1777

P393 - McLaughlin - W

W - Walker's Creek

P374 Tappan of 1782 in Rockbridge  
McLaughlin, Edward - 1 horse - 7 cattle

P405 - Rockbridge Artillery

officers and men were mustered into service of the  
Confederate States at Staunton, Va on the 11th day of May  
1861:

2nd Lieut. Wm McLaughlin, Capt. Lieut-Colonel Artillery

P431 - Rockbridge Guards, Co. "H" 25th Va Infantry

Lists of officers and men

Privates

McLaughlin, J. M. transferred to Confederate Navy. Died  
since the war

P434 - Kerr's Creek Confederates - Company "H" 55th Va Infantry  
Privates Stephen W. Wardlaw

P438 - "The Boy Company" (Junior Reserve) in the Confederate  
Army from Rockbridge County  
Serg.; Milton Swink

P438

In May preceding the organization of the foregoing company,  
the Reserves of Rockledge, both senior & junior, were  
called in service to aid in checking the advance up  
the valley of the Federal army under Major-General David  
Hunter, and the name of the following boys are recalled  
as having rendered service at that time

Sivink, Milton

- P485 - Forsythe 1. Ann - m. James Armstrong, 1819  
2. Catharine - m. John Auld, 1807 3. Elijah - d. in Ohio, 1829  
c (about or nearly) 4. Samuel - m. Jimmy Moore, 1802  
5. William - m. Nelly Auld, 1809.

P498 Lughen - Hugh - b in Scotland, 1774 c (about or nearly)  
m. Mary Hillis, 1805

History of Rockbridge County Virginia by Orrin F. Norton, B. Lit  
Regional Publishing Company 1980 Reprint

P341 - The only Holland names we have noticed are Hull (Hohl),  
Sly, and Vansandt.

Taxpayers of 1841 - Road Precincts in which they lived

P352 Hull: Philip - 33; Peter and William - 54

33. Bolivar Mills to Henry McCorkle's Store.

54. Moore and Dunlap's Store to Peter Hull's.

P230 John A. T. Hull, congressman from Iowa, is a grandson of John,  
who went from Rockbridge to Ohio in 1813.

<sup>391</sup>  
~~P377~~ - Present Surnames as shown in tax list for the 3 yrs ending May 5, 19  
Hull - B - K - W

B - Buffalo

K - Karris Creek

W - Walker's Creek

P417 - Rockbridge 2nd Dragoons - Company H, 14th Va Cavalry  
This Company was organized in the lower end of Rockbridge,  
principally in the vicinity of Brownsburg, previous to the war, and  
was mustered into service, April 21, 1861

The 14th Va Cavalry was organized in January '63 at Salem, Va and these  
3 companies were assigned to it, the Dragoons becoming Company "H"  
Hull, N. B.

P441 - Hull - Wm. M., Co. K, 22nd Va Infantry  
Hull, Jno. M., Co. K, 22nd Va Infantry

P494 - Hull - 1. Daniel - m. Sarah Winegar, 1812 1X. Peter - m. <sup>Lindsey</sup>  
- Chilton John (m. Amy Strickland) 2. Peter m. Jenny Dickey, 1805  
3. Philip - m. Elizabeth Newcomer, 1816 4. Frederick m. Polly Cunningham  
by 1815.



Samuel Forsythe

Augusta Co, Va

Enea Swink

b. 1783-1784

d. March 28, 1867 near Greenbank

Rachel M. Forsythe

b. 1794-1795  
d. Still living 2/8/1870

married January 9, 1817

Margaret Ann Swink  
b. October 28, 1828  
d. January 21, 1913

James Cassell  
ca 1819  
d. May 17, 1882

Pocahontas Co, Va  
November 18, 1847

Jacob Cassell      Nancy McLaughlin } married Feb 18, 1845  
b                      b  
d                      d

James Cassell      Margaret Ann Swink } married November 18, 1847  
b                      b October 28, 1828  
d May 17, 1882      d

James Morgan Cassell      Sarah Elizabeth Shiraberry } married  
b                                      b  
d                                      d

Horner Henry Cassell      Sarah Etta Lambert } married  
b January 20, 1895      b January 16, 1893 } February 24, 1914  
d January 15, 1978      d February 11, 1986

Forsythe

Samuel Forsythe

1. Sarah Forsythe  
daughter of Samuel  
married William Stephenson  
March 13, 1797  
Surety: Wm Stephenson & Samuel  
Forsythe  
(Volume 2 P. 329  
Chalkley's)

March 14, 1797 by Rev. Wm  
Wilson - William Stephenson and  
Sarah Forsythe

2. Rachel M. Forsythe  
b. 1794-1795  
d. Still living 8/8/1879  
but not in 1880 census of Pocahontas  
County  
Burial

married Enos Swink  
marriage bond of Augusta Co, Va  
January 9, 1817 Staunton, Va

3. Abraham Forsythe  
Signed Rachel & Enos Swink marriage  
Forsythe (above) bond



marriages in Rockingham Co from 1778 to 1816  
p. 43 Marriage books  
Marriage List compiled by Harry M. Strickler  
Published by Joseph K. Ruebush Co  
Dayton, Va. Date \_\_\_\_\_

Isaiah A. Curry

b. June 30, 1778 <sup>Augusta Co</sup> Va

located on Rock allegany mt  
not long after War of 1812

died October 9, 1859 <sup>allegany mt</sup>

growth on rock 81 yrs 3 months 9 days

Place of birth on Death record

Augusta Co, Va  
old Sixth Legion marriage

Mrs. 1802  
Rockingham County

Abigail Hall

Born about 1789-1790

Died

Late in life they moved to  
Lewis County

His Parents <sup>see Samuel Curry</sup>  
John Curry <sup>will is</sup>  
<sup>Chalkley's Book</sup>

Pocahontas

1/31/1850

Solemnized by  
James Wankles

Her Parents

Joseph Hall was surety  
when she married  
It is usually the father,  
brother, relative or friend  
of both bride & groom

1. Robert Curry <sup>age 30 or</sup>

b. ~~July 5~~, 1818

drowned at  
Died July 15, 1883 Leatherback

Burial

married Elizabeth H. Swink <sup>age 27</sup>  
born in Rockbridge Co, Va <sup>1822</sup>

Died Sept 1, 1893 <sup>in the river</sup>  
River, Pocahontas Co 61 yr  
reported by son. Married in  
Rockbridge - sister to Margaret Ann  
Swink that married James Cassell

2. John Curry

b. July 18th, 1820

a Confederate Prisoner and released  
Located in Barbour County.  
married Virginia H. Wankles in  
Barbour County, Va

(See Pocahontas Co Marriages Name of bride  
Virginia Cunningham - Sept 7, 1854)

3. Margaret Curry <sup>Pratt signed</sup>

b. June 10, 1824

Died April 2, 1875

married Thomas H. Galford (his wife)  
Burial (Cochran cemetery on Stony creek)  
born March 9, 1823 - July 2, 1893

4. William Curry (stonemason)

b.

in Lewis county, Va

married Nancy Lytton of Rockbridge, Va

5. James Curry

b.

killed by a falling tree when half-grown

6. Sally Curry  
f

Son of Jacob Cassell, Sr  
& Nancy Mc Eloughlin Cassell  
went west

Married John Cassell  
July 2, 1836 listed as John Cassell  
in Marriage bond of Pocahontas Co

7. Elizabeth Curry

See Pocahontas County Marriages

Married James Jones & settled in  
Harrison County on February 3,  
1829 - wedded February 12, 1829  
in Harrison County

8. Anna Curry

Married Isaac <sup>Hayes</sup> Hayes  
located in Barbour County

Volume 3 - p 233 Chalkleys

Will book Number 8 P224 - 2nd August 1808

Samuel Curry's Will - To sons, William, Samuel, Isiah.  
Daughter Mary. Teste; Alex Robertson, Samuel Forsythe  
Jno. Keith proved 26th December 1808. Samuel &  
Isiah qualify

The Curry Family of Back Allegheny Mountain  
Native of Va. came to to show relationship to Cassells  
Rockhous Co after the war of 1812. Late in life he moved to Lewis County, Va (now WV)  
His will was written on 4/24/1855 + was probated in December 1859

Isaiah Curry

Born June 30, 1778 (Augusta Co., Va.)

located on Back Allegheny Mt

Not long after War of 1812

died October 9, 1859 - Allegheny Mt

31 years 3 months 9 days

Place of birth or death recent settled in Lewis County

Married Abigail Hall of the

Born 1789-1790

Died

Late in life they moved to

Lewis County

4. William Curry (Stonemason)

Born in Lewis County, Va.

Married Nancy Lytton of

Rockbridge, Va.

5. James Curry

killed by a falling tree when  
half grown

He listed as a farmer

His Parents

John Curry & See will  
of Samuel Curry

Sister to Margaret Ann

Swink

that married James F. Cassell

will of Isaiah Curry

dated April 24, 1855 probated Dec 1859

Anna Curry, daughter

Betsy Curry, daughter

William Curry, son

Sally Curry, daughter

Margaret Curry, daughter

Robert Curry, son

John Curry, son

6. Robert Curry He 65 yrs

Born July 15, 1818 at

died Sept 1, 1883 drowned on Leatherback

Married Elizabeth Swink born in

born 1822 of Rockbridge

Co., Va

Died Sept 1, 1883 on Greenbrier River

Rockhous Co. 61 yrs reported by

son married in Rockbridge I believe

7. John Curry

born July 18, 1820

A Confederate Prisoner and released

located in Barbour County

Married Virginia H. Waples in Barbour

County, Va (See license) for different

Sept 7, 1854 by James E. Moore she born March 8, 1836

8. Sally Curry

d.

Married John Cassell July 2, 1836

they moved west listed as

John Cassell

in marriage bond

of Rockhous Co

9. Elizabeth Curry

Married

James Jones & settled in

wedded Feb 12, 1827 in Harrison County

growth on  
neck  
reported by  
John Curry, son



Isaac H. Curry was a native of the  
and came to Richwood County after  
war of 1812. Later in life he moved to  
Lenox County, Ga. Now in Va.

B. Anna Curry

lived in Barbour Co, Va (Hayes)  
married Isaac Hayes &  
located in Barbour Co.

29 January 1850 Bond: Thomas Galford & Margaret Curry.  
Surety: Thomas Galford & John Curry. Isaac Curry, consented for daughter. Testa,  
Cros. School & John Curry.  
Born Jan 10, 1824  
died April 2, 1875  
31 January 1850 Register: Thomas Galford & Margaret Curry by Jas. Wanless  
He born March 9, 1823  
died July 2, 1878  
Solemnized by James Wanless  
See P 156-157 of Galford Book  
Margaret Curry  
born June 10, 1824  
Died April 2, 1875  
married 1/31/1850  
Thomas Galford his

Burial: Cochran cemetery on Stony Creek. 1st wife  
Ho. E.

Died July 15, 1883  
drowned  
reported by Elizabeth Curry wife  
Charles Curry  
Robert Curry and Elizabeth Swink Curry  
their children  
James Curry Confederate amongst soldiers killed at Appomattox  
in 1865

Enos Curry married Eliza Ann on 10/16/1874 Solemnized by A.H. H.  
born Dec 31, 1850 John Logan, lives on Back Allegheny m.  
Died March 29, 1922 Nottingham, Va.  
Burial G. Bethel cemetery  
Nancy Curry married Samuel Kewener 5/11/1871 Solemnized by J.C. Moore  
lives on Back Allegheny Mountain

Charlotte Curry married Brown Blum and lives in  
Randolph County

"Venie" Rachel A. Virginia born March 28, 1857 Back Allegheny  
Rachel A. Virginia Curry married Jacob Cassell  
(Little Jake) lives on Back Allegheny

Sept 17, 1880 Charles Curry married Miss Turner and lives  
on homestead on Back Allegheny. He reported

the death of his father, Robert Curry July 15, 1882  
drowned - son of David & A. Curry. His mother Elizabeth Swink  
Curry died Green River Sept 1, 1883 - 61 years of age. Born in  
Rockledge Co, Va

Eliza Ann Logan Curry  
born November 20, 1847  
Died December 24, 1937 at home  
Burial Bethel cemetery she was 92 yrs 1 month & days old  
Parents: John Logan  
Rachel Wanless Logan

Great Great Grandfather

1860 census  
Enos was 71  
Rachel was 67  
probably  
my father  
on him

Enos Swink  
Born 1783-1784  
not listed in 1870 census  
Died March 28, 1867  
near Knob Creek, W. Va.  
Burial

(Shoemaker)

Known Souse Swink

4. Margaret ann Swink  
Born October 28, 1828 Rockbridge Co, Va.  
Died January 21, 1913  
age 84 years  
Burial Wanless Cemetery

1850 census  
Rockbridge county  
Enos Swink 66 yrs  
Rachel Swink 55 yrs  
living with  
Robert Curry 32 yrs  
Elizabeth Curry 27 yrs  
1870 census  
Rachel M. Swink 70 yrs  
living with Zachariah Swink

M. J. J. J. J.  
Married Rachel Forsythe  
January 9, 1817 at Stanton, Va.

\* Married James T. Cassell  
Rockbridge Co November 18, 1847

1794-1795  
1850 census  
he was 14

Dr. Zachariah J. Swink  
Born November 3, 1835  
Died December 20, 1915  
age 80 yrs  
Burial Wanless Cemetery

Civil War  
Co. 1st at  
Confederate  
age 14  
PC 1850  
census

\* Married Rachel Cassell  
Rockbridge Co. October 5, 1876

He was a Shoemaker  
He was a Veteran of War  
of 1812 - a Lieutenant

1850 census  
she was 27  
he was 32

Elizabeth H Swink  
Born about 1822 - Rockbridge Co, Virginia  
Died September 1, 1883  
age about 61 yrs  
Burial

age 27 in  
1850 census

\* James T. Cassell  
Son of Jacob Cassell Sr.  
Nancy McEloughlin Cassell

\* Rachel Cassell  
Daughter of Samuel Cassell  
Mary Eliza Valentine Tomlinson Cassell

a farmer

Married Robert Curry  
Born about 1818  
died July 15, 1882  
drowned at Leatherback

death reported by son Charles

1850 census  
she was 19

5. Caroline R. Swink  
Born about 1831  
Died 1907  
Burial

age 19 in  
1850 census

Rachel M. Forsythe was daughter  
of Samuel Forsythe of  
Augusta County

Married Harvey Nottingham Oct 19, 1852  
Rockbridge Co  
by James C. Moore

When figuring date from age of 89 9  
in her obituary she would have been born  
About 1818

1850 census  
She was 27

Nancy Swink

Born

1823

Died February 9, 1907 near Cass

Burial

1850 census  
He was 28

Married Daniel Wiefong

Marriage bonds Feb 3, 1847

1860 census  
She was 33  
He was 34

Ursula Jane Swink

Born

1827

Died

Burial

died before Feb 9, 1907.  
as 1 brother & 1 sister living  
in Nancy Wiefong's obituary

Married John W. Tallman

Marriage bonds May 22, 1847

21 October 1852 Harvey Nottingham & Caroline Ruth Swink  
by James C. Moore, Enos Swink consents for daughter.  
Wife, John W. Tallman & Zachariah J. Swink



In birth records of Rachel Abigail Va Curry  
March 28, 1857  
Robert & Elizabeth E. Curry

Curry

Elizabeth H. Swink  
Born about 1822 Rockbridge Co Va

1. James H. Curry  
Born 1846

Died September 1, 1883  
age 61 yrs  
Burial

Died and was shot killed 1865 at  
Appomattox, Va (Civil War)  
Confederate age 19 1/2

Returned to  
Rockbridge Co, Va met  
Elizabeth Swink  
& brought her  
back to Rockbridge  
County as his  
bride -

Robert Curry  
Born July 15, 1818

Died July 15, 1883  
drowned at Leatherback  
on horseback during a flood  
attempting to ford Leatherback  
Burial

(1882)  
I have  
Pocahontas  
County  
Records

2. Nancy Jane Curry  
Born August 2, 1847 Pocahontas County  
Died October 30, 1900  
age 53 1/2 2m 28D  
Burial

born Rockingham Co, Va  
Married Samuel A. Hevener  
May 11, 1871 Solemnized by  
Pocahontas Co J.E. Moore  
He born Sept 8, 1843 - son of Adam Hevener  
& Rebecca Roper Hevener

3. Enos F. Curry  
Born December 31, 1850

Elder in the German Baptist Church  
Stone Mason & farmer

Died March 29, 1922  
age 71 yrs 2m 28D  
Burial Bethel Cemetery

Her Parents

Enos Swink

Rachel Forsythe Swink

Married Eliza Ann Logan  
Archives 10/16/1874 Solemnized by A.H.  
Pocahontas Co 10/16/1874 Hamilton

4. Elizabeth Charlotte Curry  
Born Feb 7, 1853

Died March 5, 1932  
age 79 yrs 2m 28D

Married Joseph Brown  
Pocahontas Co July 13, 1876 by Stage P. Moore  
Daughter of John W. Logan & Rebecca H. Handman  
lived in Randolph Co Logan

5. Rachel Abigail Lavonia Curry  
Born March 25, 1857

Died July 29, 1930  
age 73 yrs 4m 2D  
Burial

Married Jacob Cassell  
10/15/1881 at Dresden Va  
lived on Back Allegheny

His Parents

A.  
Osiak Curry

born 6-30-1778 Augusta Co, Va  
died 10-9-1859 Back Allegheny  
age 81 yrs 3m 9D  
farmer

Abigail Hall  
born 1789-1790

Massillon  
Shenandoah River

2. J  
Zechariah

G. Charles R. J. Curry

Born Sept 17, 1860 Clover Creek Va.

Died April 15, 1916 <sup>back at</sup> near Case

age 55 yr 7m 1 day

Burial

Married Ida Crawford

June 5, 1883 Solemnized

by Lafayette Fox

Pocahontas Co

She born 1868-1947

Daughter of Lafayette &

Caroline Ann Burner of Frank

lives on homestead on Back Allegheny

He reported the death of his father,

Robert Curry July 15, 1882

drowned -

Elizabeth Curry  
is wife of  
son  
reported  
the death  
July 15, 1883

4/20/1916 Pocahontas Times

Charles Curry died at his home on Back Mountain near Cass Tuesday (April 18) at an advanced age.

Burial at the Swink burying ground.

Died

4/27/1922  
Pocahontas Times  
a few minutes past noon on March 29, 1922 Enos F. Curry, of Back Allegheny, quietly passed from this life. His age 71 yrs and 3 months.

Mr. Curry is survived by his wife and 2 sons, W. B. and F. J. Curry of Nottingham.

During late years he had been in failing health and during the recent epidemic of influenza, Mr. Curry contracted the disease and pneumonia developed which quickly caused his death.

Born and raised in this county, Mr. Curry purchased a farm on Back Allegheny Mt, where he lived for a number of years the peaceful and industrious life of a farmer. He will be greatly missed in all the different forms of worship at the church, being a true follower of the Saviour for a long time, each Sunday found him at the little church on the hill.

Funeral services were conducted by his pastor, Rev. L. H. Vanderorden of Durbin. His text was "I have finished my course". In the presence of a large crowd the body was laid to rest in the Bethel Cemetery.

"Time speedeth on! The years are  
gliding by like shadows fleet"



my days with promise come, then  
fade and die - Days incomplete  
Dear Lord, all things around me fall  
to stay.

Be thou my portion & my rock always."

D. N. M.

Pocahontas June 4/27/1922

Logan

John W. Logan of Randolph County  
Born May 5, 1818  
Died  
Burial

1. Preston Logan  
Born July 29, 1844  
Died July 13, 1851  
age 6 yrs 11 m 14 d

Formerly Blacksmith  
Surety John W. Logan & Andrew Wanless  
William Wanless  
Consents for daughter's  
Sister, Andrew  
Wanless &  
Nelson Wanless

Maiden Name  
Married June 4, 1843 to Benjamin Tallman  
Rachel H. Wanless  
Born April 24, 1824  
Died November 26, 1903  
age 79 yrs 7 m 2 Days  
Burial

2. Nancy Jane Logan  
Born February 19, 1846  
Died March 22, 1936  
age 90 yrs 1 m 3 Days Single  
Burial

3. Eliza Ann Logan  
Born November 20, 1847  
Died December 24, 1937 age 92 yrs 1 m 4 d  
Burial Bethel Cemetery  
Married Enos F. Curry 10/6/1874

1870 Census  
Listed John's  
mother, ->  
living with  
him and she  
was 68 years  
old at the time

His Parents  
Rebecca Logan

Her Parents  
William Wanless  
Nancy Wilson Wanless

He, 22  
She, 18

4. Mary Elizabeth Logan  
Born November 22, 1849  
Died March 5, 1883  
age 33 yrs 3 m 13 d  
Burial Wanless Cemetery  
Married John Creed Curtis 1867  
by John D. [unclear]

In Pocahontas death  
records  
death date  
July 15, 1855  
Back alluding at  
2 yrs & 3 months  
Place of birth  
Barbour County  
Reported by John  
Logan, father

5. William Logan  
Born April 29, 1852  
Died July 22, 1855  
age 3 yrs 2 m 23 Days

(over)

August 27, 1855 Beck  
allogheny  
Rockwell Co Birth records

6. Margaret Rebecca Logan  
Born August 27, 1855  
Housewife. Lived at Cass, W. Va.  
Died March 13, 1938  
age 82 yr 6 m 16 d  
Chronic Nephritis  
Buried Hill top Cemetery  
Married James Hanson Gelford

7. Alvina Josephine Logan  
Born September 28, 1857  
Died December 5, 1929  
age 71 yr 11 m 9 d  
Buried

Married Samuel Renick  
12/26/1876  
lived at Huntersville, W. Va.

12 December 1867 John C. Curtis & Mary E. Logan at the residence of John Logan by Charles A. Joyce, groom, age 22, farmer, born & living Randolph Co, son of Thomas & Mary Curtis. Bride: age 18, born Barbour Co, daughter of John & Rachel Logan. John W. Logan consents for daughter & tests, James Wanless.